



# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



## Washington's Boyhood



**G**EORGE WASHINGTON, who bravely fought To set our country free, Was, when a boy, his parents' joy, Like every boy should be.

He never feared his father's wrath Enough to tell a lie. In age and youth he loved the truth And for its sake would die.

A scholar and a sportsman, too, He liked both work and play; He'd always fight for what was right And never went astray.

He liked to ride unbroken colts And conquer horses wild. He'd let them plunge and kick and lunge Until he made them mild.

One day when he was but a lad He undertook to train A vicious horse who tried, of course, To throw him, but in vain.

His efforts were so furious And frantic, it is said, That, by the strain, it burst a vein And to the ground fell dead.

## Washington As a Hero

**W**E know George Washington as a war hero, and as a great statesman, but he was a real hero long before he was known in either of these capacities. He was a very young man, about 18 years of age, and he did a brave and

wonderful deed. One day he was walking through a woods alongside a rushing stream of water. He was dreaming of the future, and of the deeds he meant to do for his country when the screams of a woman in distress rent the air. The woman came running along the stream and when she saw the young man she cried: "Oh, sir, will you not help me to save my child? He has fallen into this water, and he will be drowned if someone doesn't come quickly to his rescue."

Behind the woman were some workmen who advised Washington thus: "It's no use to risk your life, too. If you jump in you will kill yourself on the rocky bed of this stream. You cannot possibly save the child, so there is nothing to be gained by so foolishly an act."

While the men were talking Washington was taking in the situation, and before they had ceased, he threw off his coat and without a moment's hesitation he leaped into the foaming waters. The mother sank on her knees and with a "Thank God he will save my boy," she fainted away. Washington followed the trail of the little white dress which was fast floating towards the falls. His progress was slow, despite his fine swimming, and at times it looked as though he would be dashed to pieces on the rocks that protruded from the water. Then again the current would bear him under, and he disappeared from the view of the anxious watchers on shore. Twice the boy went under, but Washington was fighting for a precious life, and he bravely struggled on. Now he and the boy were nearing the falls, the most dangerous part of the stream, and for a moment, which seemed like an eternity, it looked as though they were both

## Brother Jonathan and Uncle Sam

**W**HAT will we call the baby?" asked Lucy after inspecting the tiny pink bundle that lay in the basket beside its mother's bed.

"Father and I have decided to call him Jonathan, after your Grandfather. Do you like little brother's name, dear?" asked the fond mother.

"Brother Jonathan," murmured the girl. "Brother Jonathan, yes I like it." Never did Lucy call him anything else than "Brother Jonathan" and as the baby grew her love for him grew.

One day Uncle John came from the West to see Lucy and her little brother and when he heard her call the tot "Brother Jonathan" he laughed, and pulling the girl on his knee he said: "Did you know that 'Brother Jonathan' was a term applied to our United States?"

"No," said Lucy. "Is it? Tell me about it, please."

Jonathan toddled up to Uncle's knee and lisped, "Me, too," and no one could resist him.

"Yes, indeed," continued Uncle John, "the term has been applied more or less almost since Washington's time. After General Washington had been appointed commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, he went to Massachusetts to organize his men, and get them in shape to defend their country. The men were all right but the ammunition was scarce, and without this his trusty soldiers could make little progress."

At that time His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull the elder, was then

Governor of the State of Connecticut, and he was a very fine man with keen judgment, on which Washington placed great reliance. Seeing the awful plight his men were in Wash-



"Did you know that 'Brother Jonathan' was a term applied to our United States?"

ington said: "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject and get his advice."

When the General applied to Trumbull he was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. After

lost. Redoubling his efforts, he plunged forward, and with his strong arm he caught the boy just as he was about to be hurled over the falls. He caught on to a projecting rock for support, and with a mighty effort he held the child high in the air so that his mother could see that he was saved. The mother had regained consciousness by this time, and with a shout of joy, she again sank on her knees and gave thanks to God for His goodness in sending the brave Washington to her just in the nick

of time. Years after, when Washington became famous, the little boy, now grown to manhood, loved to tell his comrades how his life had been saved by the great George Washington, who occupied the place at the head of the nation. One of his hearers interrupted him to say: "Suppose he had been killed?" "But he didn't," laughed the other. "We are both very much alive to tell the tale." Then with reverence in his voice he murmured "He is my hero!"



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## Washington Anecdotes

**W**HEN Washington was visiting a friend in one of Virginia's towns he was introduced to the minister of the parish. The parson acknowledged the introduction by a low bow, and stood conversing with Washington, holding his hat in hand.

"Put on your hat, parson, and I will

shake hands with you."

The parson replied: "When I think of all the wonderful things you have done for this country, I dare not put on my hat in your presence."

"You did as much as I," answered the General.

"No, no!" protested the minister. "Yes, yes!" insisted Washington, "you did what you could, and I have done no more."

Washington traveled a great deal and always took a servant with him. He was accustomed to pay the same for his servant as he did for himself at most of the inns at which he stop-

ped. One time, however, he reached an inn where the landlord made a difference in the price, and when Washington asked for his bill he noticed that his servant's charge was three shillings, while his expense was three shillings, nine pence.

Washington called for the host and asked the reason for the difference.

"He is only a servant," answered "mine host."

"But he eats as much as I do," said the guest, and he insisted on paying the same for both.

One day as Washington was walking along the street a negro slave passed them. The slave deferentially raised his hat to the great man.

Washington immediately raised his in acknowledgment. The brother of-



"Put on your hat, Parson, and I will shake hands with you."

Washington called for the host.

Heer was amazed. "What, do you raise your hat to a negro?" he asked.

"Would you have me less polite than a slave?" was Washington's calm reply.



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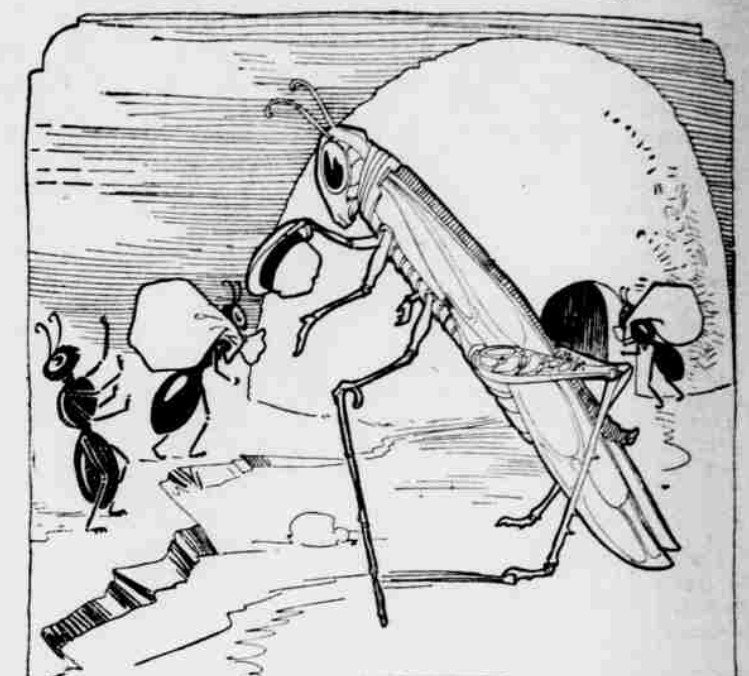
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## AESOP'S RETOLD

GARRETT NEWKIRK

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THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER.



**U**PON a pleasant winter day the ants were drying grain. Which they had gathered carefully in summer on the plain. And though you might not hear them, they were singing to the wheat. For every one was happy, with having enough to eat.

There came a hungry grasshopper, to see this busy throng; He hadn't had a thing to eat for heaven knows how long; And to the captain of the host with pleading voice he said: "I beg for just a little food, divide with me your bread."

Inquired the ant, "Why did you not in summer days of gold Foresee and make provision for the winter and the cold?"

"Ah," said the hopper, "when the fields were glowing in the sun, I never thought of anything but having lots of fun; I sang among the flowers, and I danced upon the hay, And thought the happy hours would last forever and a day."

Then the ants replied in chorus, "We have nothing now to spare; For the idle summer dancer who will not provide his share."

Good advice for every one,  
Think of something more than fun,  
Have in mind the "rainy day,"  
Garner something while you may.

"Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

"Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust."

"Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curses nor revilings."

"Be not immodest in urging your friends to discover a secret."

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

"When you speak of God or his attributes let it be seriously, in reverence and honor."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

## Playing "George Washington"

**I**T was George Washington's birthday so—Paul was the one to argue thus—what could be better than to play "George Washington?"

Freddy and Tom said that they knew all about George Washington, of course—how he led our soldiers to victory in the War of the Revolution, and was the Father of his Country and our First President—but they didn't know how to play "George Washington."

So Paul explained: "Why, you just pretend you are George Washington and his army," he said. Then he added quickly, "Of course I'll be George Washington, since I'm the oldest and

his soldiers behind him and the English General and officers surrendering."

"Your hobby horse will do, Freddy, though it isn't white—we'll just pretend that it is. And you can blow your horn and we'll make out it is the fife and drum corps playing 'Yankee Doodle.' And Tom can carry his long wooden sword and we'll play it's a real gun. Oh yes, we'll make soldier caps out of newspapers and that will make us look more like soldiers. I will get that old felt hat of Mamma's and fix it to look like the one George Washington wore and—and that cape of sister's will be my cloak."

It didn't sound one bit like a fife and drum corps, much less one playing "Yankee Doodle." But Paul said the enemy would recognize it and be half-scared out of their wits.

Paul bent low over his horse's neck and tried to look very fierce and brave as he rode straight at the English lines with the bullets raining all about him.

And Tom yelled at the top of his voice and aimed with his gun and fired and cried out: "Surrender, you English soldiers! Surrender in—in the name of the law!" Which seemed to him a very effective battle-cry.

Suddenly something happened. No it couldn't have been that the English soldiers charged them and shot them, for there weren't any there, to be truthful. But—well—Paul leaned too far over the neck of his horse and suddenly he upset, plunging headfirst to the floor.

Freddy, who was close beside him and jumping up and down as he teased his horse, stumbled over the horse and landed right on top of Paul—big pardon, I mean General Washington. And at that very moment Tom was just completing a mighty sweep with his gun at an imaginary English soldier, having decided that since his bullets were all gone he would have to hit the English soldier over the head with the butt of his rifle. But alas—right on top of Freddy's snail head!

Instantly the most awful noises and yells and shouts came from the boys on the floor. Paul was mad because he knew George Washington had never been in such an undignified position; and, besides, Paul had bumped his head against the floor.

And Tom—well—in the excitement Tom forgot that Paul and Freddy were American soldiers and must have imagined them the enemy, for he continued to pummel them with his gun and shout: "Surrender! Surrender!"

Just then, Mamma came into the nursery to find out what in the world was the cause of all the noise. She quickly separated the contestants and—

"That was quite enough 'George Washington' for one day, she declared; so Paul and Freddy and Tom had to postpone 'The Surrender of Cornwallis to Washington at Yorktown' until some other day."

So it was arranged. Paul draped the cloak over his shoulder and put on the hat. Then he placed the hobby horse in the middle of the room and mounted it. He felt certain that he looked just like George Washington. He made Freddy stand behind him with his horn; and then came Tom carrying his gun in most threatening fashion.

The signal was given and Freddy began to toot his horn for dear life.

He felt certain he looked just like George Washington.

biggest and—and, besides, I look more like him! We ought to have some Indians, so we could play we were out with General Braddock fighting the Indians like Washington did when he was a young man. Or, if we only had a rowboat and a river and some ice floating in it we might play 'Washington Crossing the Delaware.' You remember about that, don't you?"

Both Freddy and Tom nodded that they did.

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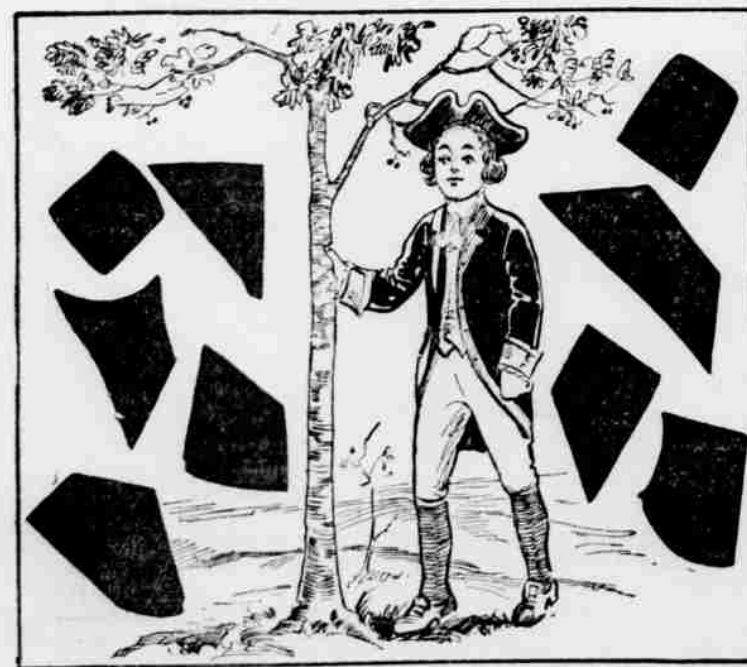
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Solution to Hatchet Puzzle.



Here is young George Washington and the cherry tree, but where is his hatchet? See if you can find it by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.